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Her

In ev'ry Plant some healing Virtue lies:
In Yonder Bed what various Beauties rise!
Behold that Flow'r still verging to the Sun,
Thanking the Pow'r from whence it first began;
Even there, proud Reason from the grateful Ray
Learns to look and the Great Cause adore.

MR. HERVEY'S

CONTEMPLATIONS

ON A

FLOWER-GARDEN,

Done into BLANK VERSE,

(After the Manner of Dr. Young)

By T. NEWCOMB, M. A.

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To her GRACE

The Dutcheſs of RICHMOND.

May it pleaſe your GRACE,

A Garden was the firſt pleaſing and beautiful habitation of our firſt parents; ſelected by heaven, as the moſt agreeable ſcene, to amuſe their thoughts, and to protect their innocence; and I have reaſon to believe, that the verdant lawns, the arching ſhades, the cooling groves of GOODWOOD *, may long afford your GRACE the ſame tranſporting pleaſures.

When you have experienced all the glittering and pompous vanities of this world; the emptineſs of titles, the inſufficiency of birth and grandeur, to add any thing to our real happineſs; meteors theſe, which ſhine and invite, only to cheat and delude us; your GRACE will be convinced at laſt, that the ſweeteſt, the moſt refined, and ra-

* A beautiful ſeat of his Grace the Duke of Richmond, in Suſſex.

tional ſatisfactions of life are only to be enjoyed in theſe rural retirements, which moralize and inſtruct, while they delight us; gratifying our ſenſes at the ſame time that they are guardians of our virtue. A ſolemn evening's walk in this enchanting ſolitude, formed to awaken ſerious thoughts and calm reflections, on all the fleeting tranſient glories below, will inſpire you with more ſoft, more tender, and refined Senſations, than you can hope to derive from the flattering gaieties of a court, or the treacherous ſmiles of fortune. It is in this cool, this peaceful, and inſtructive retirement, that the mind uſually firſt begins to attend to the voice of wiſdom, drops its pride and ambition, meditates upon its immortal ſtate, and borrows its intellectual light, even from theſe ſhades.

Theſe, MADAM, are truths unpleaſing perhaps to the ear of one in the prime of her youth and beauty, (which, like the flowers I preſent your GRACE with, muſt

ſoon

ſoon decay and languiſh;) but they are the truths which reaſon ſubſcribes to, and experience ratifies; reſembling thoſe ſalutary tho', bitter medicines which diſguſt us firſt and afterwards relieve us.

Your GRACE has already gained a conqueſt over the heart of a moſt worthy and diſtinguiſhed nobleman, eſteemed and beloved at home, admired and honoured by the moſt refined and poliſhed courts in EUROPE: extend your power yet farther, ſtrive to obtain a victory over yourſelf; a more glorious and laudable triumph, which will entitle you to a more illuſtrious crown than the proudeſt victors upon earth ever layed a claim to.

One particular reaſon of my preſuming to affix your GRACE's name to this poem, and to deſire your acceptance of it, was the opportunity it gave me of making a grateful and public acknowledgment of thoſe ſignal favours I have received from that noble and generous family to which you are

now

now happily allied; and could I hope for the continuance of the leaſt ſhare of their regard and friendſhip, I ſhould eſteem the laſt ſcenes of a life, almoſt wore out with age and infirmities, not altogether unhappy.

Be pleaſed, MADAM, to accept of my moſt affectionate and ardent wiſhes, that your preſent felicity may be as laſting as it is now ſincere and real; which time may prolong, though it wants a power to augment, or improve it.

I am, (may it pleaſe your GRACE)

Your GRACE's moſt dutiful

And obedient humble ſervant,

Hackney,
June 29, 1757.

T. NEWCOMB.

ERRATA.

Page 21. l. 20. for even, r. eve.
25. l. 22. for incites, r. incite.
26. line the laſt. for that, r. what.
27. l. 3. for breath, r. breathe.
30. l. 14. for quick, r. quite.
17. l. 8. for her, r. its.
73. l. 10, for turtle, r. turtles.

CONTEMPLATIONS

ON A

FLOWER-GARDEN.

PART I.

NOW from his orient throne the golden ſun
Had pour'd his morning beam, and ſhed a light,
To beautify the world's reviving ſcenes.
Soft was the dewy air, the breathing gale
Refreſhing nature's face, rich, beauteous, gay.
Scarce yet awake the poring eye of care
Unſeals its lid, while riot's giddy head
Was juſt reclin'd upon its couch of down.
Still and ſerene creation's ample round,
While each fair object opening with the morn,
Joins to beget tranquility of mind,
The heart-felt joy and ſerious thought inſpires.

Now tow'ring on the wing, ſublime in air,
The lark, melodious ſongſter, mounted high,
Breaths her ſoft mattins, and ſalutes the day
That lifts her from her bed.---Her early notes
Call the tir'd labourer to renew his toil,
And all the feather'd choir to join her ſong.
How ſweet each breath of air! to roam abroad
In this delicious fragrant hour of prime?
To tread the dewy flowering lawns, and taſte
The various bleſſings, with a bounteous hand
Pour'd out by heaven, each raviſh'd ſenſe to charm.
Ye ſons of indolence and ſloth, ariſe,
Start from your drowſy pillows, and partake
More ſolid bliſs, reach'd out each bliſsful morn
By heaven's indulgent ſmile, than what you ſhare
From guilty pleaſures, killing while they pleaſe.
Gently the greyneſs of the dawn decays,
And ruddy ſtreaks of gold begin to tinge
The fleeces of the clouds; till now the eaſt
Varies her aſpect, loſt her quiv'ring light
In a bright, ardent, glowing flood of day.
Say, is it fancy's power inſpires the dream,
Suggeſts the thought; or, do the bluſhing ſkies

Redden

Redden with conſcious ſhame, ſuch crowds to view
Preſſing their pillows, while the morn awakes,
Inviting every eye to hail its beams?
Shall man be loſt, ſtretch'd on his bed of down,
Waſte all his ſolemn hours in thoughtleſs eaſe,
While, mounted on his golden car, the ſun
Travels from world to world in haſte to bear
His Maker's dread commands, and all the choir
Of feather'd minſtrels join their grateful ſongs
To celebrate their great creator's praiſe.
Oh! heighten the ſweet harmony, proud man,
Of theſe melodious tribes, and add the ſtrains
Of warm devotion to their tuneful lays;
Improve the gifts of heaven, and, ah! refine
Its balmy odours with a breath of praiſe.
What floods of light are thoſe, which pain the eye,
And brighten the red atmoſphere?---Dread ſcene!
See! there the light'nings dart their ruddy flames,
The ſky above all vaulted o'er with fire
Shot from the burſting cloud! There thunders roll,
Uttering a dreadful voice; loud tempeſts ſpend
Their madding fury through the ample ſpace

Stretch'd out above, where worlds unnumber'd roll
Each above each, in beauteous order rang'd!
Amazing theatre! how vaſt the power
Of that creating hand, which ſpread ſo wide
The ample vault where ſtars and planets blaze!
Immeaſurably wide to human eye;
To his, who views creation at one glance,
Pervades the univerſe, a point, a grain,
That dwindles into nothing when ſurvey'd;
Tho' high in power, yet, ah! to wretched man,
Diſtain'd with guilt, his mercy's more ſublime.
Gazing yon golden heavens, what object firſt
Attracts our wonder? See the radiant ſun,
High in his bright pavillion thron'd, begins
His rapid progreſs from the eaſtern ſky,
Flaming from world to world, 'till now his beams
Are quench'd and loſt beneath the weſtern main.
The clouds, thoſe floating curtains that obſcure
His light a-while, drove backward by his rays,
As he approaches near their ſkirts, retire:
Glorious, and with ſuperior brightneſs crown'd,
See with what awful majeſty he treads
Heaven's chryſtal floor, and, with a bridegroom's pride,

Gayly

Gayly refulgent pours from out his urn
A golden vivid flood of light and day.
Mark all the beauteous ſcenes, altho' refin'd
By art's ſoft pencil; ſay, can theſe compare,
Theſe touch the fancy, or the raptur'd eye,
Like the bright openings of a ſunny morn?
All the rich pomp which theatres diſplay,
Their ſhining ornaments, the luſtres hung
In the proud courts and palaces of kings,
Loſe their diminiſh'd light, and die away,
Whene'er the ſun unfolds his radiant beams.
What bleſſings does this bounteous planet pour
On the glad heart of man, when rolling round
His azure road he ſcatters as he flies,
To warm his raptur'd boſom, light, and joy.
What would the world's benighted realms appear,
What cells of gloomy darkneſs, if bereav'd
Of the ſun's chearing rays, its faireſt ſcenes
Loſt in obſcurity, in ſhades conceal'd?
In vain, alas! in midnight's ſable gloom
We turn our darken'd eyes in hopes to gaze
The beauteous face of nature, all around
A dreary waſte, a chaos void, and wild,

And formleſs, till the hour of morn returns,
Unbars the gates of light, and opens wide
A proſpect to the eye, which now unfolds
Ten thouſand beauteous ſcenes which lay conceal'd
Before in darkneſs: now the radiant heavens
Glitter, with azure pav'd, with roſes ſtrew'd,
With lively verdure each green plain array'd,
Each flower puts on a glow of richeſt hue;
The wide creation now is ſeen adorn'd,
In all her rich attire and beauties dreſs'd,
View'd by each wondering eye with raptur'd joy.
The earth we tread, without th' enlivening beams
Shot from the cheering ſun's refreſhing urn,
How gloomy, how forlorn? a lifeleſs maſs,
A clod of barren, dull, unactive clay!
What tree could then its verdant leaves unfold
To gratify the eye? what plant diſcloſe
The buds juſt opening all their gloſſy flowers?
No more ſhould we behold the verdant meads
All mantled o'er with green, no more ſurvey
The ſmiling vales all crown'd with golden ſtores
Of loaded harveſts.---Fruitful orb, thy beams
Have power to penetrate the glebe and clothe

Each

Each vegetable tribe: the ſpring is thine,
Thine the rich autumn; 'tis thy kindly ray
That ſwells the generous vine, whoſe genial heat
Ferments its juices, bids the wine-preſs flow,
And bends its branches with their yellow load:
Nor to earth's upper regions is confin'd
Thy ſalutary power; dark caverns, ſpread
In nature's deep receſſes, hail thy beams,
Which fructify the ſhining beds of ore,
Unfold the ſaphire's luſtre, and beſtow
Its brightneſs on the brilliant, pouring light
And luſtre on the ripening ſeeds of gold.
All nature feels, and joys to feel thy power;
Chear'd by thy beams creation's ample ſphere.
Not fruitleſs only, but unchearing, mourn
The gloomy regions when the ſun withdraws
His vigorous influence; how gay the morn
When that auſpicious ſovereign of the day,
Mounted upon his radiant throne, diſplays
His beams around, diffuſing as he rolls
Richneſs and beauty to the worlds below.
Creation now, enliven'd by his rays,
Or with his gifts enrich'd, puts on a ſmile;

While millions of gay glitt'ring inſects wake
Into new life, and baſk within his beams.
Now from their ſlumbers ſtart the tuneful choir,
Pour out their ſouls in harmony, and breathe
Their morning mattins to ſalute the day,
And hail the welcome bleſſing, which inſpires
The early ſong, when from their turf they riſe:
With rural muſic every valley rings,
Each mountain ecchoing back the artleſs ſtrains;
All vocal nature joins the general joy.
No breath untaught to celebrate and praiſe
Thy chearing influence, ſovereign of the ſky!
But ſee! the ſcene how chang'd---his radiant orb
Eclips'd but for a moment nature pines,
Puts on a robe of ſadneſs, to bemoan
His lamp in darkneſs loſt, extinct his flame;
While the ſad penſive heavens a dreſs aſſume
Of ſable mourning to behold the ſky
Without a beam---night ruſhing on the day.
Th' aſpiring lark forgets his morning ſong,
And, ſhooting downward from the darken'd ſky,
Pines on his dewy neſt; the voice of joy
Is heard no more, while roaming for their prey

Eac

Each ſavage ſcours the wood; the heart of man
Foreboding fear and chilling horrors ſeize.
Down from the ſteep of heaven, the earth to gaze
The raptur'd muſe deſcends. What meets the eye,
What firſt ſalutes us, joyous as we view
Creation's various beauties? See each ſpray
Is hung with orient pearls of liquid dew;
How brilliant, with what luſtre do they ſhine!
Not the rich diadem that binds the brow
Of eaſtern monarchs pours a fairer light,
Or glows with equal beauty; like the bloom
That dyes the virgin's cheek, how ſoon decay'd!
Theſe ſhort-liv'd drops, the children of an hour,
A momentary radiance ſcarce enjoy,
Juſt ſhine and vaniſh----while the ſun, whoſe beams
Light up their ſilver beauties, ſoon exhales
The pearly drops, and melts 'em into air.
Theſe, like earth's fleeting ſplendors, for a while
Glitter, look gay----then diſappear, and die.
How kindly theſe ſoft genial dews refreſh
The earth's cold lap, and beautify each ſcene,
Changing her ruſſet turf to lively green.
The fervent heat which yeſterday's hot ſun

Shot from his orb had wither'd all her bloom,
Blaſted each verdant beauty, and exhal'd
The fragrance and the ſweets from nature's brow!
How bountiful and kind that power who ſends
Theſe cooling diſtillations of the night
To quench the fervors of the burning day,
To raiſe the head of each parch'd drooping flower,
And cloath each herb again with ſprightly green!
Sprinkled with theſe deſcending drops they ſmile,
Their verdure deepen'd, and new flufh'd their bloom;
Languid their fragrance, and quite faint, before,
Now with more copious ſweets the ſenſe regale.

Profuſion, ſtartling thought!---what rows of pearl
Now hang on every hedge, on every bough,
Beauteous and glittering!---not one ſhining ſpray,
Or blade of dewy graſs, but wears a ſtring
Of theſe bright watry pendants, to adorn
The face of nature, florid now and gay.

How various are the draughts, the ſchemes how wiſe,
Plann'd out by heaven's indulgent care to fill
Earth's loaded lap with plenty from the cloud!
Now burſt the heavy, fierce, impetuous ſhow'rs,
Driving their angry trains a-croſs the ſky;

The

The ruſhing cataracts now roar, now break,
And ſpend their furious rage on every ſhore;
Delug'd is every plain, the rivers foam,
Swell'd by the madding tempeſt into ſeas.
The ſcene, now chang'd, the gentle dews deſcend,
Form'd in the cloſe of the ſoft evening air;
Gently they ſteal along, ſerene and mild,
And, by inſenſible degrees, deceive
The liſt'ning ear, and cheat the niceſt eye.
Ere yet her pleaſing labour ſhe reſumes,
The muſe, delighted, chuſes to aſcend
Yon terras, thence to take a wide ſurvey
Of the rich vales and flowery ſcenes below.
What proſpects now attract the raptur'd eye!
How vaſt, how various, with what riches crown'd!
Nature's whole wealth pour'd out on every plain!
Amazing magazine! whoſe wealth ſupplies
Subſiſtence to each living kind who tread
The verdant earth, or cut the liquid air;
Supported by that bounteous hand which pours
A rich abundance round, the life to chear
Of every creature which his goodneſs fram'd.

See there the yellow golden fields of corn
Cov'ring the fertile furrows, waving now,
And now their heads erect, to catch the beams
Of the kind genial ſun, to give the grain
More firmneſs, and the ears a gloſſy hue,
His granaries with plenty to ſupply,
And ſwell the toilſome peaſant's heart with joy.

There ſtretch the verdant meadows ſmooth and plain,
Richly embroider'd o'er with gayeſt flowers,
And green ſpontaneous herbage, which ſecures
Proviſion ample, hoarded up in ſtore,
To feed the freezing herds, now chill'd with cold,
When all the beauteous verdure of the field
Is loſt and buried in deep hills of ſnow.

I turn my eye, and there a winding ſtream
Glides gently thro' a margin check'd with flowers;
The image of the bending ſky, beneath
Impreſs'd upon the ſurface of its waves;
Supplying moiſture to each root that feeds
The green and branching willow, pleaſing ſhade.
There ſport the finny race, all ſilver'd o'er
With gaudy ſcales, which ample ſport ſupply
To the ſtill patient angler, and afford

The

The richeſt treat which luxury demands,
Or taſte, the moſt refin'd or nice, enjoys.
The paſtures next, with verdant mounds enclos'd,
Vary the proſpect----Theſe prepare a feaſt
Of healthful verdure ſpringing to ſupply
Our flocks and herds with vigor to ſuſtain
Their toils, with ſtronger power their nerves to ſtring.
'Tis here the ſprightly horſe more ſtrength acquires
To expedite his daily toils, more ſpeed
To bear his lord's commands where-e'er he flies:
While from the graſſy plain our lowing herds
Bring home their udders with that liquid ſwell'd
Healthful and ſweet, that every palate charms.
There a tall grove of trees ſalutes the eye,
High towering in the air, whoſe trunks appear
Like the proud colonnades that bear the weight
Of ſome imperial palace.----Every bough
Projects a friendly ſhade, which ſhelter yields
To birds and beaſts whenever winter chills,
Or when the ſun with raging fervor burns.
From hence the ſtrong-rib'd oak is hew'd that lends
Thoſe beams ſupporting the proud royal dome;
Hence too the lordly maſts convey'd, which bear

Our

Our floating fleets thro' ſeas to worlds unknown:
Nor bluſh the crackling branches to provide
A fewel for our hearths when winter calls,
And wooes us to enjoy their friendly flames.
  Beneath the foreſt's cool and branching ſhade
Oft ſpring ſalubrious plants, whoſe juices pour'd
Into the wound, abate its burning pain;
Others endow'd with virtues which aſſuage
The fever's heat, allay its glowing fires,
And ſtill the tumult boiling in the veins;
The circulating fluids hence derive
A hue more florid, while the nerves acquire
More vigor.---Weak enfeebled nature feels,
With life reſtor'd, her languid powers repair'd.
Near to yon rural village I ſurvey
A grove of ſtately trees, leſs ſtately far
Than the proud tow'ring oak, which yet afford
An object more delightful to the view.
An hour ſcarce fled tranſported I beheld
On yonder boughs a beauteous boundleſs glow
Of blooming flowers.---The lovely chearing ſcene
Charm'd the pleas'd eye, and ſwell'd the heart with joy.
But ſee, the gaudy ſpring has ſoon reſign'd

Her

Her raviſh'd beauties, drop'd her fragrant ſtores
In autumn's golden lap; her bloſſoms ſhine
No longer, while each bending branch is hung
With loaded fruitage. Breathe, ye gentle winds,
Blow ſoft, ye weſtern gales, in pity guard
The tender offspring from the killing ſtorm
Pour'd from the angry north. Oh! teach the pear
To nurſe its juicy progeny, till time
Has mellow'd its rich pulp to the pleas'd taſte,
How grateful when diſſolving as we eat!
Let the plum hang unruffled on its bough,
And nouriſh her delicious fruit a while,
Till, ripen'd by the genial ſun, her ſkin
Is finely clouded o'er with gloſſy blue.
O! let no rugged ſhocks, no furious blaſt,
Diſturb or rock our orchards, richly hung
With yellow treaſures, no injurious wind
Precipitate their burden to the ground,
Before the autumn's kindly warmth has giv'n
Their juices a rich flavour, and the ſun
Ting'd o'er their bluſhing ſides with ſtreaks of gold.
Claſſes of theſe unnumber'd, their gay rinds,
Burniſh'd with various hues, of taſte refin'd,

Furniſh

Furniſh our ſtorehouſe now.—Some richly grace
Our morning entertainments, or regale
Our palates 'midſt the ſultry heats of day.
Some borrow ripeneſs from the falling ſnow,
While in the midſt of winter autumn ſmiles;
Theſe load the ſalver, make a beauteous ſhew
Amidſt the gay deſſert, and give a cloſe
To our luxurious feaſts; while others fill
Our vats with foaming juice, matur'd by age,
Which ſparkles in the glaſs, nor yields the prize,
Now pure and delicate, to nectar'd wine.
At diſtance there ſome green encloſures riſe,
And ſeem to dread a viſit from the winds
Blown from the chilling north.—A woody ſhade,
Or lofty wall, breaks off the ruſhing ſtorm;
Theſe open to the ſouth their verdant ſides;
Their whole expanſion ſtretch to catch the rays
Shot from meridian ſuns their births to cheer.
One beauteous ſpot, ſuperior to the reſt,
Seems to attract my eye, and lead the muſe
Where the green olitory's treaſures bloom.
Frugal republic this; how neat, how plain?
Whate'er reſembles the proud pomp of kings,

All enſigns of vain royalty that blaze
In princely palaces are baniſh'd hence,
Ne'er welcom'd in this modeſt green abode.
The products of this fruitful ſpot deride
The glare and dreſſes luxury aſſumes
To garniſh out her ſons; the garden tribes
Not gay, but neat, in modeſt habits cloath'd;
Where elegance and nature kindly join,
To plan the rich apartments, which unite
Their beauties, both to pleaſe and profit too.
Some artful maſter's hand, with niceſt ſkill
And juſt arrangement, all this fruitful ground
Has parcel'd out in beds of various hues,
Green intervening allies cut between.
Nor has the floriſt's care forgot to range
Each family in its diſtinct abode;
To different claſſes different ſpots aſſign'd.
Amidſt the vaſt variety that ſpread
Their foliage o'er each beauteous bed, we view
No wild confuſion---all their dwellings know.
If then man's eye is raptur'd to behold
Their regular arrangement, greater joy
His heart muſt ſure partake whene'er he turns

His thought to count the various gifts that flow
In rich profuſion from his garden pour'd
His table to adorn, and grace his board
With guiltleſs, grateful luxury.---For thee
The parſley with indented leaves adorns
Thy verdant borders, while, for human uſe,
The celery ſhoots out her whitening arms,
And perforates the yielding mould, to add
A luſcious taſte to thy rich ſavoury meals.
For thee th' aſparagus with tapering ſtems
Lifts its aſpiring head; and, to regale
Thy curious taſte, an early offering makes
Of the firſt fruits the ſpring's ſoft ſeaſon yields.
Her pulpy juice for thee the melon pours,
Grateful to taſte, and potent to allay
The ſummer's ſultry heats; whoſe tendrils cling
Faſt to each prop that helps her to ſuſtain
Her golden burden. Like embattled files
The beans erect their heads in martial rows,
Stately and firm; while the weak feeble pea,
A tender invalid, is pleas'd to twine
Her infant debile arms around the boughs
Supporting her frail ſtem; repleniſh'd ſoon

Her

Her ſwelling pods with fatneſs, which ſhe draws
From the rich ſoil, ſhe empties all her ſtore,
Joyous to ſpread it on her maſter's board.
On the green fruitful ſpot all cover'd o'er
With various plants, not one amidſt the train
With uſeleſs verdure loads or ſhades the ground;
Each ſtem that riſes in this rural ſcene
Delights or nouriſhes; for food prepar'd,
Or helpful to remove frail nature's pains.
All ſeaſons here their diff'rent colours wear,
While, each ſucceeding each, the ripening ſun
Varies their beauties; every plant and flower
Springing at once to nurture and to pleaſe.
Oh! why ſhould he who calls this ſpot his own
Envy the pomp of kings, the proud diſplay
Of regal power! who, walking thro' the rows
Of grateful and obſequious ſubjects, views
Each to their lord a chearful tribute pay,
Of double uſe, to nouriſh and delight,
Oblige the palate, while they pleaſe the eye.
At diſtance ſee aloft the mountains tour,
Hiding their lofty heads among the clouds,
Their craggy ridges heaving up, as meant

T' aſſault the heavens---ſtrong boundaries, deſign'd
By his almighty hand that fix'd their baſe
Deep as the centre; barriers that divide
Empires from ſtates, and regulate their bounds;
What, tho' their rugged ſurface may appear
Deform'd and naked, yet their bowels hide
Rich treaſures lodg'd within their cells below;
Thence painful induſtry has learn'd to draw
Fit inſtruments to turn her forward ſoil,
To reap her golden harveſts, and procure
Each bleſſing needful to make life a joy.
See there the vaſt extended ocean ſpread,
From eaſt to weſt, ſtretching its liquid arms;
How high its waters riſe, and billows roll,
Laſhing the ſhore thro' its mad angry foam;
See crouding navies cut and cleave a way
To viſit diſtant worlds---beneath whoſe waves
Th' enormous whale, and all the finny race,
Unnumber'd ſail, the arching azure ſea
Their covering, and their bed the ſhelly ſand.
This the wide ciſtern of the world, that holds
In its deep reſervoir whatever rills
Water the ample globe's remoteſt plains;

No

No fountain that pours out its fruitful ſtream
To fructify the deſert, not a flood
That winding thro' earth's diſtant regions flows,
Nor yet a ſingle cloud that ſwims above
Th' expanded ſky, but from this fruitful ſource
Exhales its borrow'd waters.---Trade conveys
Its loaded navies o'er this waſte of waves,
That joins far diſtant nations, and unites
The eaſt and weſtern world.---How doubly kind
To Britain's favourite iſle, which on her ſhore
The riches of both Indies yearly pours;
The ſpices in Arabia's vales that bloom,
The ore that ripens under ſtars unknown;
This the ſtrong rampart guarding from the foe,
That both protects us, and enriches too.
Whoſe heart exults not with a ſecret joy,
Nor feels a grateful warmth, when it explores
The kind munificence which heaven has ſhower'd
On man each bliſsful day to even from morn.
Shall the glad hills rejoice on every ſide,
The pleas'd luxuriant vallies laugh and ſing,
Pay their juſt tribute to that bountcous power
Who ſcatters round his bleſſings o'er each plain?

And

And man, heaven's favourite, be the laſt to join
All nature's general joy, nor feel a flame
Of grateful rapture ſwell his heart to view
Heaven's wide diffuſive goodneſs beaming round
The whole creation? 'Midſt the millions form'd
By his kind hand, no creature left unbleſs'd.
While life inſpires this frame, each hour ſhall flow
A witneſs of thoſe grateful vows I breathe,
The thanks I pay to heaven's indulgent king,
For bleſſings which his love unbounded ſheds
On man, (the lord of all theſe chaſte abodes,)
To ſweeten life, and ſoften all its cares.
Whatever gifts the earth, the air, or ſky,
Can boaſt, the breathing ſpring, the morning beam,
The incence that it ſheds, the flowers that bloom
To beautify creation, all the ſtores,
The fruitful valley, and enamell'd plain,
Or teeming glebe produce, with rapture fir'd,
Call all theſe various gifts of heaven thy own.
'Twas he that tinctur'd with the mildeſt blue
The azure ſky; his hand which firſt array'd
The earth with veſtments of a lively green;
His pencil ſtreak'd with various hues the flowers

Scenting

Scenting the air around with ſoft perfumes;
For thee the roſes bloſſom, and expand
Their beauties o'er the morning; to regale
Thy ſenſe the jeſſ'mine opes her fragrant leaves,
The gay carnation ſhines, and lilly blooms.
The rocky mountains, whoſe eternal baſe
Is rooted near the centre, tow'ring high
Above the clouds, rais'd by that mighty power
Who cloath'd with beauties each ſweet flow'ry vale.
Whoſe ſtrength, what leſs than energy divine
Could mould yon pond'rous orbs, whoſe voice could guide
The various ſeaſons which alternate die
Each into each by turns; on him alone
The whole creation's baſis reſts, who gave
The univerſe a being; whoſe ſtrong arm
Firſt rais'd, whoſe wiſdom ſtill the frame ſuſtains!
Say, ſhould the rapid ſun his progreſs take
Acroſs the heavens, unguided by his hand
The comet's blazing orb, or planet's roll,
Their flights unmark'd, their motions unreſtrain'd,
By that directing will that plans the road
Where each ſhall travel; ſoon would all nature's frame
Be ſhiver'd into nothing, orbs with orbs

Con-

Conflicting ſoon would cruſh the ſhatter'd globe,
And turn earth's flaming beauties into duſt.
From heaven's bright walks, and ſcenes above the ſky,
The muſe deſcends to humble vales below.
Spirit divine aſſiſt me while I roam
Thro' arching ſhades and ſcented beds of flowers
That bloom around, and breathe their ſoft perfumes,
Shedding their morning incenſe. Here a while
Let fancy range, enamour'd with the ſcene,
Where nature, ſmiling in her beſt attire,
Puts on her gayeſt robes to court the eye
Her elegance and beauties to admire.
How ſweet, how lovely, with what glories crown'd!
Here in a careleſs dreſs the nymph appears
Irregular, and negligently gay:
Proud with ſuperior luſtre; when ſhe ſhines,
She ſummons all the ſiſter arts to lend
Their kind aſſiſtance in a nicer taſte
Neatly to dreſs and cultivate her charms.
Theſe beds, the green apartments, ſhe deſigns
To lodge her common ſtrangers---deſtin'd thoſe
The curious rooms of ſtate to entertain
Her nobler gueſts; the viſiters ſhe treats

With

With more diſtinguiſh'd honours. Here my eye
Shall oft expatiate, o'er theſe verdant lawns
My ſteps as often wander, bruſhing now
Thro' thickets, and now loſt among the ſhades
That cool me, traverſing the foreſt's glade:
Tho' oft, to vary my delight, I make
Excurſions from this beauteous ſcene, yet here,
Indulgent heav'n, to ſooth the cares of life,
Oh! may I ever fix my lov'd abode.
What ſweets are theſe which gratefully diffuſe
Their fragrance round? Arabia's richeſt gums
Scarce emulate theſe odours. 'Tis the flow'rs,
The incenſe of the garden's breath, that ſheds
This balmy ſwectneſs; 'tis the jeſſ'mine's leaf
Her opening bloſſoms kindly that unite
Their mingled odours ſweetly to embalm
Our morning walks, and to perfume the eve.—
Say, while all nature ſmiles, calls not this ſcene
The ſluggard from his couch—whoſe head would lie
Diſſolv'd in ſenſeleſs ſlumbers, when the morn's
Nectarious ſmells invites him to partake
A feaſt of fragrancy? Before the ſun,
The quick advances of the fervent day

Drink up, and ſoon exhale with ſultry rays
The volatile perfumes the morn has pour'd
O'er all the verdant landſcape.---Short the treat,
And fugitive thoſe joys, prepar'd alone
To feaſt the wakeful eye; if ſhut till noon
The languid flowers all droop, their fragrance dies,
Quite diſſipated by the ſcorching beams
Shot from the fierce meridian ſun, that burns
Their beauties up, exhales their humid ſweets,
And melts the air into a liquid fire.

See the great parent of mankind, when morn
Firſt opes the chryſtal curtains of the ſky
When riſing from his dewy bed, he hails
The new return of light, in raptures view'd
The vernal flowers that round his Eden bloom.
Oh! hear him thus addreſs his beauteous bride
Still ſlumb'ring on her verdant couch reclin'd!
'Ariſe, my fair one! greet the opening day!
'Awake, the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
'Calls you!---Ye loſe the prime to mark how ſpring
'The tended plants, how blows the citron grove
'That drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed

'How

'How nature paints her colours, how the bee *
'Sits on the bloom extracting liquid ſweets.'
How ſoft a fragrance does the morning breath
From off each ſpicy border, to the ſmell
How grateful, nor leſs pleaſing to the eye,
The bloom of opening flowers.—Kind nature here
In nice proportion all her favours deals;
Thoſe gales around the bliſsful garden pours,
Neither too ſtrong the organs to oppreſs,
Nor yet ſo faint the ſenſes to elude.
How often is the ſated palate cloy'd
At the rich ſumptuous feaſt, how ſoon offend
The loathed diſhes which laſt moment pleas'd?
But the high reliſh which each ſenſe partakes
From nature's gifts the appetite ne'er tire,
Which pleaſe it more the more they are enjoy'd.
E'en luxury itſelf, when feaſting here,
Is guiltleſs, and eſteem'd a crime no more.
Theſe balmy ſweets at once each ſenſe regale
Inſtead of hurting, the ſoul's powers elate
To feed on pleaſures pure and more refin'd.

* Milton.

What vivid colours theſe! ſome nobly bold,
Some delicately languid! what a glow
Is kindled in thoſe leaves, what gloſſy beams
Shine in that beauteous bud! In one I view
The ruby, with her bleeding radiance fair,
In this the ſaphire, tinctur'd o'er with blue;
All flaming with ſuch rich and radiant dies
As caſt a ſhade o'er all the boaſted ſcenes
The painter's nobleſt pencil ever drew,
And rob them of their beauties, vaniſh'd all
Amidſt a group of flowers whenever ſeen.
The ſkill how maſterly that has diſpos'd
The varying tints, ſome careleſsly diſplay'd
Around the foliage with a daſh of eaſe;
Some, finiſh'd by the touch of niceſt art,
More accurate unfold their mingled dies;
But, whether nicely blended, or arrang'd,
Or ſoften'd, or contraſted, they diſcloſe
A ſkilful taſte that never fails to pleaſe,
A beauteous elegance that always charms.
How fine the texture of the web is wove
On which its ſhining treaſures are diſplay'd!
Say, can the Perſian looms a bloom unfold

To match their ſhining hues? or can the thread
Drawn by the Mechlin needle through the lawn,
Boaſt an embroidery ſo rich and fair
As grace the various tints which nature ſpreads
On each enamel'd bud? The chints, admir'd
For its gay gaudy colours, loſes all
Its beauty and its richneſs, and appears
Coarſe as the canvas, when its fading bloom
Dies and is loſt, the bright carnation near.
Go boaſt, vain man, thy coſtly rich attire,
Proud of thy ſhining velvet and brocade;
Ambition this how low, how much beneath
The dignity of man, with thought inſpir'd,
And gifts of wiſdom, whom yon heavens ordain'd
Immortal—to abate and cruſh thy pride
View this embroider'd ſpot, and bluſh to view
Each pink and daiſey glittering round thee, wear
A richer dreſs, more exquiſitely fair,
Than vanity in all her glory plum'd.
Deck then thyſelf in all the ſplendid dies
That ſhine upon the queen's refulgent robe
In royal ſtate, when ſhe aſſumes her crown;
Yet each diſcerning eye that e'er ſurvey'd

The beauties of a garden, or beheld
The flow'ry populace that paint the field,
Comparing each with each, is forc'd to own,
The tulip's foliage and the roſe's bloom
Diffuſe a radiant ſplendor that outſhines
The rich apparel of the eaſtern bride.
This lovely ſituation, how it warms
The heart with gladneſs, drives away the gloom
Diſpers'd and vaniſh'd, when our ſteps approach
Theſe ſcented beds of flowers, whoſe lively hues
And odours, both the raptur'd ſenſe regale,
And touch the ſoul with a ſoft mingled joy.
How often have I felt the penſive thought
Quick loſt and diſſipated 'midſt the glow
And fragrance of the flowers that breathe around;
With gaiety inſpiring, and delight
The mind dejected with its boſom cares!
Shall then we gaze with wonder when we view
The king's imperial purple thrown aſide,
His ſtate forgot, and diadem unpriz'd,
To taſte the verdant bliſs which he enjoys
Walking 'twixt ſhining ivory and gold?
Who from the ſumptuous table would refuſe

In

In raptures to retire, and leave the feaſt
By luxury prepar'd, to feed on joys
More exquiſite, and pleaſures more refin'd?
Stand we amaz'd that queens ſhould oft forego
The grandeur of a palace, and refuſe
The tributes of obſequious bending knees,
Withdrawing from the glitt'ring pomp of ſtate,
To view the gay parterre, where beauties ſmile
More radiant than the richeſt courts unfold;
More ſplendid equipage a bed of flowers
Than all the luſtre beaming from a crown.
Not beauteous only, but the flow'ry tribes,
To pleaſe and to attract the eye, all bloom
With various tints, diſtinguiſh'd each from each
By different hues——how kind the bounteous hand
Of that indulgent power! tho' perfect all
His works, who yet on all, the charms beſtows
Of novelty to ſhew 'em ſtill more fair.
A regular and uniform diſplay
Of nature's gifts, preſented to the eye
In one unvaried luſtre, ſoon would tire,
And court th' offended ſight more charms to find
In other objects, different in their hues.

But heav'n, ſtill fond the ſenſe to entertain,
Exhibits, to regale the raptur'd eye,
Something for ever new, each ſpecies grac'd
With its own native luſtre, proud to wear
Its own peculiar beauties, nor aſſume
A radiance borrow'd from a rival flower.
A ſingle glance from an obſerving eye
Diſcovers at one view the mode, and air,
And delicate diſtinction, that is ſeen
Peculiar to each claſs, while all appear
Dreſs'd in a various beautiful attire.
Some rear their heads majeſtically high,
The garden's ſovereigns, and, with proud diſdain,
O'erlook the humble tribes that bluſh below;
Plebeian theſe that creep beneath the ſhade
Of the tall monarchs, who their births obſcure.
Others more modeſtly their tops uprear,
The gentry of the garden, nor aſpire
At greater honours than a place to gain
Seated between the low and the ſublime;
While ſome, who all ambitious views diſclaim,
Contented with their humble ſtation, creep
Upon their verdant borders; there we view

Some

Theſe elegantly ſtrip'd, thoſe ſtudded o'er
With radiant ſpots, while ſome affect to ſhew
Their boſom powder'd, or indented leaves,
All ſhining with a beauteous fringe of gold;
While in a modeſt dreſs, their aſpect plain,
Some, in their native ſimple beauties fair,
Seem to attract the eye, and chuſe to pleaſe.
The monarchs purple, ſee that tribe aſſumes;
This, all in bridal virgin white array'd,
Chuſes its milky boſom to unfold
Unſtain'd with colours.---Here no ſable flower
Of doleful black appears, nor gains a place
Amidſt the beauteous daughters of the ſpring:
The weeds of mourning, how unfit to ſhew
Their gloomy heads where all the ſcene is gay,
And univerſal nature ſmiles around;
How pleas'd with ſoft ideas to inſpire
Each boſom in her radiant robes array'd!
View yonder ſpot---behold a warrior ſtands,
Clad in his martial crimſon---turn your eye,
There the proud judge or magiſtrate is ſeen,
Rob'd in his purple; there a brilliant beau
Struts in full pride, his various radiant plumes

Dipp'd in the gaudy colours of the bow
Bending a-croſs the ſky; ſome tow'ring riſe,
And form a curious cup, or pendant fall
In rows of hanging bells; while others ſwell
Their radiant tufts, or elſe their foliage croud
Into delicious cluſters; every tribe
Boaſts its diſtinguiſh'd ſtain, ſome maſter dye,
Which, ſoften'd by degrees, ſoon loſes all
Its reigning luſtre, till, its radiance loſt
By gentle diminutions from your eye,
Faint and more faint, it ſteals itſelf away.
Pleas'd with the gradual change, we ſmile to view
The ſweet deluſion and ourſelves decoy'd,
Finding the lively tints we firſt admir'd
Now loſt, or leſſen'd by a neighbouring ſhade.
There the fine rival tinges each with each,
Contending emulous to gain the prize
Of beauty, ſcorn to join and mix their bloom,
Diſputing the pre-eminence; improv'd
More by the oppoſition, they conſpire
To lend each other new augmented charms.
Lord of the univerſe! how grand, how fair
Are all thy works, by wiſdom all contriv'd,

And with exactneſs ſtill more nicely plann'd?
A ſingle work with labour man eſſays
To finiſh and complete; in vain he tries
Repeated efforts, when his pencil ſtrives
To imitate the beauteous ſtrokes diſplay'd
In nature's gifts, the leaf, the plant, or flower.
The architect divine, whoſe voice beſpoke
Ten thouſand worlds at once, all with one breath
Begun and finiſh'd, with their numbers gave
Each being, with compleateſt grace to pleaſe.
Repeated trials only ſerve to ſhew
The flaws and errors of each plan deſign'd
By human wiſdom, aukward, though contriv'd
By man's exacteſt art and niceſt care.
For ages paſt, for periods that have roll'd,
Loſt almoſt in the deep abyſs of time,
Each beauteous ſtructure, rais'd by heavenly ſkill
And plaſtic power, continues ſtill to pleaſe;
No fault diſcover'd in the perfect plan,
The firſt fair model nature's god deſign'd.
Man's fineſt products, when minutely view'd,
With greater imperfections ſtill appear;

The delicate deſigns, the ſchemes of heaven,
The more we pry into, tranſport the eye
Still with freſh graces, opening as we view
New ſtrokes of beauty unobſerv'd before.
Should any aſk, what, when, or whence convey'd
The rich materials choſen to adorn
And beautify creation's blooming ſcenes,
Where the gay tints, the ſplendid colours grow,
The ſtores of ſhining cryons, varying dyes,
Selected by heaven's pencil to adorn
Creation's beauteous ſurface?---Say, what need
Where wiſdom infinite conducts the plan
Of coſtly preparations, to complete
Thoſe works almighty power has once contriv'd.
One ſingle principle that acts beneath
The guidance of his forming hand who rais'd
Creation out of nothing, can diffuſe
And branch itſelf into a thouſand forms,
Quite finiſh'd, various all, as well as fair.
The moiſture of the earth, and ambient air,
Paſſing through curious ſtrainers, and diſpos'd
In ranges of pellucid tubes, compleats
The wonders which all nature's ſcenes unfold,

Producing

Producing all thoſe beauties which the power
Of vegetation nurſes and diſplays.
This creeps along the fibres, tho' conceal'd,
Of the low-grounded moſs---this mounting climbs
Up to the cedars lofty tops, that hide
Their heads among the clouds; this, tho' unſeen,
Attracted by the root, and carried round
In circulating channels, to the eye
Inviſible, pervades each leaf that blooms
Or on the tree, or ſhrub, or loweſt flower;
Now burſts into a gem, and now expands
Itſelf in opening verdant leaves, then cloaths
The ſpring with all the beauties that it wears.
This ſingle operation has a power
To vivify all nature, to revive
Her charms, by winter's chilling blaſts deſtroy'd,
Opening each fragrant bud that kindly breathes
Its odours on the young reviving year.
This bluſhes in the early tints that grace
The gay hepatica; this lends a charm
To the rich varied poppy's ſpreading plume;
It reddens into blood whene'er it flows,
Tinging the luſcious mulberry's rich veins;

Its juices more diluting, when they throw
O'er the gay quince a veſt of burniſh'd gold.
Theſe breathe in all the fragrant gales that blow
Acroſs our gardens, ſhed the rich perfumes
And incenſe, ſcenting all Arabia's groves.
What ſtill endears the bleſſings that adorn
And beautify the world's delightful ſcenes,
The regular gradations, when one tribe
Succeeds, ſoon as another fades away.
All make not their approach at once, nor glow
With one continued luſtre, but agree
Each in its various turn to pleaſe the eye;
One claſs of theſe in waiting to diſplay
Their verdure, when the firſt has loſt its bloom;
Each ready and prepar'd to ſeize the place
Fill'd lately by the wither'd tribes that ſhed
Their leaves and radiance, to delight no more.
The ſnow-drop, foremoſt of the vernal train,
Firſt ſhews her virgin head, and breaks her way,
Piercing the frozen glebe, the firſt to pay
Her early adoration to that power
Who all her ſhining buds in white arrays;
Dreſs'd in a robe of innocence, ſhe dares

Venture

Venture abroad, nor any dangers fears,
E'er their young opening leaves the trees unfold,
Or yet the winter's iſicles are thaw'd,
Diſſolv'd in drops by the ſun's melting beam.
The crocus next her yellow top unveils,
Gently, and with a timid air---ſhe hears
The howling winter's blaſts that blow around
Her infant bloſſoms---fearful yet to heave
Her head above the burſting glebe, ſhe hides
Her tender leaves ſtill in her bed enclos'd,
Not vent'ring yet to the bleak chilling ſky
To truſt her golden foliage, while the north
Pours out its rattling ſtorms acroſs the air.
Nor are the violets gay heads the laſt
Of all the ſhining train that cloath the year
With vernal beauty, whoſe accompliſh'd grace,
That might a royal garden's beds adorn,
Yet humbly condeſcends in all her bloom
To line our hedges, nor diſdains to breathe
Her ſweets beneath the ſhrubs cool rural ſhade.
Freely and unimplor'd her bounty throws
From off her flowers emiſſive rich perfumes,
While ſhe herſelf her bluſhing beauties hides

In the cloſe covert, chuſing more to give
The eye a pleaſure, than to ſhine admir'd.
This fragrant early flower that late adorn'd
Th' embroider'd border with her ſhining dyes,
Oft from her bed tranſplanted to beſtow
Freſh beauty on our windows; ſee how ſoon
She fades and languiſhes, the eye beholds
With ſadneſs all her vernal bloom decay,
Each after each expiring, till at laſt
Drooping each beauty ſinks into the grave.
The loſs is ſoon forgot---for ſee, array'd
In all her pride, with richeſt colours gay,
Th' auricula now ſpreads her varied plumes!
How bright her chryſtal eye, her ſhining robe
Of gloſſy ſattin, breathing ſweet perfumes
From out her ſcented cells, all powder'd o'er
With ſilver grains of duſt.---Not one of all
This ſpreading family but ſhines renown'd
With honour'd titles; heroes, monarchs, queens,
Are known to dignify the royal tribes
Of this illuſtrious race: but ah! how ſoon
Has the ſun's glowing fervor quite exhal'd
Their ſtock of fragrance? every beauty loſt

That

That lately pleas'd, tranſports the eye no more.
Whoſe heart, what tears ſufficing to bemoan
Their abſence, had not heaven's indulgent care
Now wak'd the tulip from its bed to ſhine
With rival luſtre; this, the gayeſt tribe
That fluſh the rich parterre, in colours dreſs'd
The faireſt, blooming nature ever wears.
Say, can the gaudy ſplendid beau, array'd
In all his birth-night finery, diſplay
A dreſs more beautiful, or richly choſe
Than this enamell'd flower, whoſe leaves excel
The beauties woven in art's curious loom.
Here ſportive nature her vagaries plays,
Her guiltleſs freaks indulging, while ſhe ſheds
A thouſand various colours to array
The tulip's glowing leaves; no wantons theſe
To kindle looſe deſire, but neatly dreſs'd,
Their great Creator's glory to proclaim.
Next view the bright anemony ariſe,
With a rich ſpreading robe her baſis crown'd,
Rounded her head in yet a fairer dome.
The flowing mantle that ſhe wears, diſplays
A noble negligence; its tufts that bend

How gently downward, equally diſcloſe
As nice a ſymmetry. Fain would I call
This ſplendid flower the garden's gaudy beau,
Boaſting the mix'd felicity to join,
And reconcile the ſtrokes of art with eaſe.
  What wonder next ariſes to regale
The eye with varied beauties?—'Tis the bloom
The vivid gay ranunculus unfolds.
How bold, how graceful it expands around
Its ſhining foliage, boaſting by degrees
Each ſtill excell'd by each, ſuch various hues
As ſhame the works of art, and throw a ſhade
O'er each faint ſcene the pencil ever drew.
This lordly flower its richneſs ſcorns to draw
From powders or from eſſences, that give
Their merits to the garden's meaner tribes;
This no attractions wants, more pleas'd to ſhine
In its own native luſtre, own'd by all
The favourite of the curious—while each eye
Is raptur'd to ſurvey its mingling charms,
Its elegance of form, the radiant bloom
Its tinges ſpread; its dignity allow'd
Superior, when it glows with all its flame.

See,

See, nature ſtill improves, her laſt eſſays
Still the moſt elegant---to crowd the ſcene
With fairer products of her genial care,
And grace the rich collation; ſee, ſhe wakes
The gay carnation; with what colours grac'd!
What glories round her opening leaves unfold,
Her various gifts delighting to diffuſe,
The ſmell obliging, while they cheer the eye.
In her ſweet blooming bud are center'd all
Perfections by each other tribe enjoy'd.
The moment ſhe appears her beauties claim
Attention from each raviſh'd eye that views
Her varied elegance, which ſheds no tear
The loſs bemoaning of each other flower.
While all the reſt now bloom, and ſoon decay,
The beauties of a morn, that ſpring and die,
While yet we are admiring.---There behold
The gilly-flower, a conſtant real friend
Attending you thro' every fleeting change
And revolution of the rolling year!
A tranſient viſit while all others pay,
This not a gueſt, but chuſes to be thought
A kind inhabitant, pleas'd to adorn

Your garden, when by winter blaſts deſtroy'd
Each flower beſide is wither'd---droops---and dies.
Here let us pauſe a-while, to number o'er
The wiſe and kind deſigns which heaven has plan'd
In regular ſucceſſion, to diſplay
The flowery tribes, by turns that fade and bloom,
Some ſtarting into life, while ſome expire:
No ſeaſon of the various changing year
Without its beauties.---Did they burſt the glebe,
At once unfolding all their mingled hues,
What would the ſcene appear?---a vivid blaze,
A gay confuſion, with united rays
The eye confounding, they were meant to pleaſe.
Blended together, with too bright a glare
They pain the ſight, unable to compare
Each with the other's beauty, which beheld
Each ſeparate from each would charm the more,
And give the raptur'd eye a ſofter joy.
But here to different claſſes are aſſign'd
Their different ſtations and diſtinct abodes;
Each blooming after each, allow the eye
Space to admire, to view, and to review,
Their beauties oft, our ſenſes to regale,

Now

Now with their luſtre, now their rich perfumes:
This orderly array not only gives
Each bed and flower a more diſtinguiſh'd hue,
But to each family imparts a ſhare
Of immortality, a conſtant bloom,
Which varying, never dies. While thus the year,
Each ſeaſon is repleniſh'd with a gay
Profuſion of delight---as one declines
Its drooping head, another claſs unfolds
Its ſpringing foliage, and ſupplies the room
Of thoſe that time has cover'd with a ſhade.
Goodneſs immenſe! thus kindly to provide
A ſeries of ſtill varying joys to feaſt
Each human ſenſe, directing every flower
When to expand its leaves, and when to fade.
How priz'd his wiſdom and paternal care,
That kind indulgence, which each morning cloaths
Our walks with ſofteſt verdure, bids our flowers
And gardens with alternate beauties bloom:
This bed all luſtre, while the gems that ſhone
So lately on the next, are all decay'd;
Each family directed when to breathe
Their ſweets around, and when to diſappear.

No actor on the ſtage, however fam'd,
His entry or his exit better knows.
Say, whoſe perſuaſive voice has power to draw
The daffodil from out his bed of ſnow,
So early to entruſt its ſlow'ring gold
Midſt chilling blaſts and bleak inclement ſkies?
Whoſe wiſdom, which informs the various buds
That bloſſom on each tree, to wait the time
Till genial ſuns and vernal ſhowers invite
Each branch, its leaves and beauties to unfold?
Say, who directs and bids the clove conceal
Its ſpicy fragrance cloſe within its cells,
Till ſummer ſuns and warmer beams infuſe
A richneſs in her boſom, and conſpire
To tinge her leaves with a deep crimſon dye!
Who in ſuch order and exact array
Marſhal'd theſe ſhining troops, and taught the tribes
Each in their proper ſeaſon to diſplay
Their regulated beauties, which by turns,
Each after each, now bloſſom, now decay,
One claſs reviving while another fades.
Theſe are his works, the fair unerring plans
Of that productive wiſdom which compleats

In

In number, weight, and meaſure, all it frames,
Quite from the loweſt ſhrub beyond thoſe ſcenes
Where angels glitter on their golden thrones.
He tunes the ſeraph's voice in ſongs to hymn
Their great Creator's glory, nor diſdains
The meaneſt worm or inſect that by turns
Crawl in the duſt or flutter in the air:
'Tis he marks out the ſhining path where roll
The golden globes of light along the ſkies,
Nor yet forgetting from its humble bed
To rear the violet, or to paint the roſe,
With mingling beauties to adorn the plain.
If ſummer, like a ſparkling bride appears,
Bedeck'd in gayeſt robes and rich array,
What do we here behold but feeble rays
Of that divine effulgence from his eye,
Pour'd out e'er yet creation's beauties dawn'd?
If yellow autumn's crowning the rich glebe
With loaded harveſts, to impart a joy,
And glad the heart of man; we here admire
Heaven's bounty ſtreaming ſtill, ſtill unconſum'd.
When the loud thunders roar and cleave the air,
In the dread blaſt you hear his trumpets ſound,

Amazing

Amazing, while they rattle.---In the blaze
The light'nings dart around, kindling the ſkies
With forked fires; trembling you view the ſpears
Launch'd from his angry hand, with terrors arm'd;
When ſhook from off their baſe th' eternal hills
Like duſt are ſcatter'd, rocking too and fro
Their bending frighted tops whene'er he frowns,
Here rev'rence and adore that awful power
That ſhakes the mountains---yet not half reveal'd.
From heaven's bright wonders, ſcenes above the ſkies,
The muſe deſcends, delighted to purſue
Her rural labours; here ſhe firſt ſurveys
The juſt arrangement of each plant and flower,
The various colonies, whoſe bloom adorns
Our gay parterre with one unfading blaze:
Their ſtructure finiſh'd with ſo nice a care
Of nature's curious hand, the ſmalleſt change
Or alteration greatly would impair
Their regular perfection, ſerve to ſhade
Thoſe beauties only which they ſtrive to mend.
Say, ſhould the tulip's leaves, her rich attire,
Irregular and wanton fly abroad,
Juſt like the flaunting woodbine's rambling boughs,

Or

Or ſhould the jeſſ'mine rear her tender head
On the ſtrong ſtem and columns that ſuſtain
The lordly holyoak?---did we ſurvey,
Proud of his manly aſpect, tow'ring high,
The piony aſſume a penſive air,
Hang down its drooping head, juſt like the bells
Of the ſweet hyacinth?---or ſhould the eye
Behold the lilly's noble plainneſs change,
And wear the glittering fringes that adorn
The pink or iris? ſhould the tapering ſpires,
Ariſing in the centre of its baſe,
And tip'd with golden pendants, diſappear,
Juſt like the folding chives that cover o'er
Th' anemony, while blooming; every change
Of that becoming order nature wears,
Would ſeem fantaſtick, ſerving to impair
The native worth and beauty of each flower.
The time and ſeaſon when each bud ſhould ſhew
It's opening verdure, is, with prudent care,
(Cautious to mark when ev'ry ſtem ſhould bloom)
Wiſely diſtinguiſh'd. Should the flow'ry tribes
Venture to peep abroad when winter, ſtorms,
Rattling aloud, infeſt the freezing year,

How fatal were the dread effects that wait
Th' imprudent boldneſs? Nature then ordains
Each family, the ſhorteſt ſtem that ſhoots
And ſpreads the ſmalleſt foliage when it blooms,
To launch abroad, and its young buds unfold,
In the year's chilling ſeaſons, how ſevere
Would be the penalty? ſhould every flower
That boaſts its rich perfume, unſeal the cells
Where lodge its fineſt eſſence, and expoſe
Its ſweets to northern winds and winter rains?
Our aromatic artiſts then, aware
Of dangers from ſuch raſhneſs that would flow,
Poſtpone the opening ef each balmy tribe,
Nor venturing to expoſe, when chill'd the ſky,
Their odorous treaſures till the ſun has warm'd
The atmoſphere with ſoft ſerener air.
No longer dreading now the blaſting ſtorm,
The ſhower, or deluge, which the winter pours.
How ſhould the human heart be then diſpos'd,
To humble reſignation? to whate'er
The ſovereign will of providence decrees?
Too often we repine, as oft arraign
The conduct of that wiſe Almighty power;

How

How vainly dreaming we ourſelves could plan
A ſcheme much better ſuited to beſtow
A happineſs his wiſdom could not frame.
We fancy that our lot had pleas'd us more
Some other ſtation than what we enjoy,
Contributed to make our life more bleſs'd.
Behold, proud man, the regular array,
The juſt diſpoſal of the meaneſt flowers,
Then learn to bluſh, and, ah! to own a ſhame
At thy repining folly! Not a ſtreak
In all their compoſition, not one line
In all their lovely features, by a change
Could be tranſpos'd, but what would throw a ſtain
Upon their injur'd beauty.----Does that eye,
Ranging in ſo exact an harmony, the toys
That glitter in a garden, in an hour
Shining and faded, pay a leſs regard
For human happineſs? ſay, does he chuſe
A proper ſeaſon when each ſtem ſhall bloom,
Expand its leaves to ſip the morning dews,
And ſhall his watchful care o'erlook the bliſs
Of his own ſons and daughters?----Pine no more,
Uneaſy mortal, know that God is wiſe;

Thy value far ſuperior in his eye
To each production which his power diſplay'd,
To gild the ſkies, or beautify the field.
Be ſtill---and, if his ſacred will ordains
Sickneſs to be thy portion, never dare
Arraign his love, or arrogantly dream
That health had been a bleſſing more deſir'd.
If heaven decrees, and from thy boſom tears
Thy blooming beauteous offſpring, ſtill allow
Theſe favourite pledges from thy breaſt were tore
In mercy, tho' to thee as yet unknown;
That power that martials all the ſtarry train
In beautiful array, extends his care
To each low herb that creeps upon the ground,
Conducts the varying changes of thy fate
With vigilance that nothing can elude,
With goodneſs which is ne'er to know an end.
Bow then thy head, in adoration bow,
And fix it in thy heart, what heaven ordains,
If life or death, if poverty or tears,
Whate'er befalls, *is right, and beſt for man.*
Midſt all the various products which the voice
Supreme call'd forth the third creating day,

The

The ſhining race and family of flowers
Bloom only with their beauties to regale
And gratify man's ſenſes; none beſide
Enjoy their verdure, taſte their rich perfumes;
Theſe gifts for him alone by heaven deſign'd,
No creature elſe through all creation found
Smit with their luſtre, with their odours charm'd:
When does the horſe a moment loſe to gaze
And wonder at their beauties; when the ſteer
Once turn aſide his ſteps, as pleas'd to feed
And browſe upon their ſweets; theſe, boaſting ſenſe
To view each curious object, want a power
To taſte each fine accompliſhment that ſhines
Diſtinctly fair in every herb and flower.
Say, what the wiſe deſign which nature means
By all theſe gay appearances that glow
And beautify our gardens?—'Tis t' enfold
And cheriſh the ſoft embryo ſeed, to ſwathe
Its tender texture in its infant ſtate,
E'er yet from out its cells call'd forth to ſpread
Its ſpringing bloom to beautify the plain.
Tho' various ends kind nature may deſign
In all her works, yet one we always view

From

From which ſhe never varies----to beſtow
Delights, each human raptur'd heart to chear.
Had ſhe intended only to ſecure
A freſh ſucceſſion from each latent ſeed
Cloſe cover'd in its cell, the parent's care
Had needleſs been in ſuch a rich array
Such elegant and beauteous folds to hide
The tender offspring---why ſuch art employ'd,
Such decorations choſe, and rich attire
That ſhames the ſhining purple, gay brocades,
Softer than lawn, and of a finer glow
Than on the velvet's gloſſy threads admir'd?
If the great mother had no other aim
But a warm veſtment kindly to prepare,
To guard her infant prog'ny when they gain
A vegetative life; a veſt leſs gay
And radiant might have ſuited them as well
As the moſt gaudy tiſſues that derive
Their varied beauties from a Perſian loom.
What other aim has then the grateful flower,
Why dreſs'd in ſuch enchanting grace, why glow
Her leaves with ſuch bright luſtre, but to yield
Pleaſure to man? For this their court they pay

To all the human race, for this the tribes,
The faireſt of their kind that deck the field,
Croud round our habitations, rarely ſeen
At diſtance blooming from our bleſs'd abodes.
Tho' rude at firſt, they joy to thrive beneath
Our cultivating care and watchful eye;
But ſoon degen'rate, fade, and pine away,
Unnurſed by their maſter's friendly hand.
Quite coy, and fearful each to diſoblige
His curious ſearch, they hide beneath the ground
Whate'er may ſeem offenſive to his view;
To win whoſe favour, and his cool retreats
To beautify and garniſh, they diſplay
Their moſt engaging forms and graceful hues
Breathing, to merit more their lord's eſteem
From their ſweet beds a flood of rich perfumes.
Nor at all times alike do they diffuſe
Their grateful offerings, but reſerve in ſtore
Their pureſt exhalations, to embalm
His morning walks, or when more pleas'd to tread
His green parterre in the cool dewy eve;
Amidſt their blooming ranks, when now diſpos'd
To recreate himſelf, they laviſh all

Their

Their richeſt fragrance, and around him ſhed
The choiceſt ſpirits which their buds enfold.
Favourite of heaven! lov'd darling of the ſky!
Diſtinguiſh'd by its goodneſs, nobly ſtrive
To rival his munificence and care
With equal gratitude! be this thy aim,
To hymn his praiſe who laviſhly has pour'd
Such bleſſings, with a kind unſparing hand,
To gratify and give each ſenſe a joy;
When every creature elſe beneath adores
Heaven's king in ſilent eloquence, be thou
Their ſacred herald, lend to each a tongue;
Prieſt of the mute creation, join thy voice
In vocal harmony to chaunt his praiſe.
Oh! thank his bounteous love for bleſſings ſhowr'd
On every being which his power firſt call'd
To life, and which his bounty ſtill ſuſtains:
Firſt in the ſcale of mercies number thoſe
Peculiar to thyſelf——thy bliſs ſupreme,
A ſoul immortal, rational, divine;
This conſtitutes thee lord of all the ſun
Surveys beneath, and gives thee to enjoy
The riches which o'er wide creation ſtream.

By this ten thouſand beauties are deſcry'd,
In ſhades all loſt, which elſe had died unknown;
This renders them the ſource of each delight,
Parents at once of piety and joy;
By reaſon's power ennobled to admire
All nature's glorious works, to boaſt a ſoul
Stamp'd with our maker's image, to ſurvive
And ſhine through endleſs ages, when the globe
Shall moan her beauties buried in the duſt,
When worlds are vaniſh'd, and the lamp of day
(A lamp no more) extinguiſh'd in the ſkies
Rolls on a darken'd orb, and every ſtar
Now glittering round the heaven is loſt in ſhades.
Say, ſhould ſome generous friend a ſtructure raiſe,
Without thy coſt erect a manſion fair,
By art, with every elegance adorn'd,
The favour ſtill augmented, ſhould the hand
That rear'd the edifice employ its care,
With rich and ſplendid furniture to grace
The ſumptuous building which his bounty rais'd.
On thee, lov'd fav'rite of the pitying ſkies,
Heav'n has this favour ſhower'd, on thee beſtow'd

In rich profuſion, whatſoe'er thy thought
Can fancy, or thy warmeſt wiſh implore.
For us the beauteous earth how widely ſpread,
The paradiſe of man---the radiant ſkies
Stretch'd o'er us, with a canopy of gold,
Magnificently fair, in azure dy'd;
With floating ſtreaks of ſilver now array'd,
Now tinctur'd with the crimſon's vivid hue:
Beneath our feet a ſpacious carpet ſpread,
The verdant graſs appears, with threads of green
Wove in each ſilken leaf, and damaſk'd o'er
With intermingled flowers of every dye.
The ſun above its flaming orb diſplays
Its golden lamp hung up on high, to pour
From his rich urn a radiance blazing round,
To gild and fluſh the luſtre of the day.
When mounted on her ſilver car the moon
Aſcends her eaſtern throne, with milder rays
To chear the univerſe, unnumber'd fires
Shot from the twinkling ſtars diffuſe their beams,
A kindling glow of light, to break the gloom,
Not meaning to diſturb our ſoft repoſe
(So mild their light) with too intenſe a glare.

The

The clouds, beſide their paintings, hung all o'er
Heaven's convex, act the part of ſhifting ſcenes,
And kindly interpoſe to cool the flames
Shot from the ſcorching ſun's meridian rays;
Nor leſs their uſe, whom providence has choſe
The fruitful water-ſpouts, which through the air,
Wafted by various winds, their moiſture pour
O'er earth's extended regions, drop their dews,
To fructify each plant and ſpringing flower.
To thee the fields preſent their golden ſtores,
The fruitful granaries each autumn fill'd,
To feaſt thy table; the vaſt ocean thine,
That reſervoir, which drinks a thouſand ſtreams,
Nor yet o'erflowing.—Every creature ſpends
Its ſtrength for thee, ready at thy command
Thy orders to diſpatch---ſome pleas'd, reſign
Their cloathing, to repleniſh and to grace
Thy ſumptuous wardrobes, ready at thy call
To pour their lives away in ſtreams of gore
To gratify thy taſte; the earth, the air,
Each element a plenteous ſtorehouſe, fill'd
With rich abundance---treaſures hoarded all
For thy delight and uſe: each ſeaſon pours

On thee its choice productions, nature ſeems
Thy bounteous caterer, and, to endear
Her various favours, all are uſeful found
At once, and lovely; nothing ſhe beſtows
Inelegant or mean—each ſcene is clad
In beauty's faireſt robe, proportion guides
Her hand whene'er it draws, exhibits round
A fund of pleaſures grateful to the eye,
Which chear at once, while they our wants ſupply.
Encompaſs'd round with mercies, can the heart
Of man rebel againſt that pitying power
Who loads him with his richeſt gifts each day?
Oh! gratefully thoſe crouded gifts ſurvey
Drop'd in thy lap by his endearing ſmile;
See how he courts thy raviſh'd heart to own
His gracious bounties, ſeeming to diſdain
All limits—ſtraiten'd by no ſcanty bounds.
What lively picture here do I behold
Of induſtry! whoſe kind and friendly care
This ſpot into a beauteous Eden turns.
Here we enjoy whate'er can entertain
The eye, or treat the ſmell with rich perfumes!
Had it been left unnurtur'd, this gay ſcene,

A gar-

A garden now delightful, had appear'd
A deſert waſte---the thiſtle had deform'd
Its beauties, cover'd with the tangling briar;
Soon had theſe ſcented beds become the neſts
Of noxious ſerpents, and the loneſome home
And haunt of creatures that infect the air
And atmoſphere with poiſons which they breathe.
But ſee the ſpade and pruning-knife employ'd
By induſtry's kind hand, have clear'd the glebe
From ſuffocating weeds, and in their room
Planted whate'er is grateful to the eye;
The rueful waſte, by cultivation chang'd
Into gay ſcenes, with Eden's ſelf that vies.
See with what care the curious flow'riſt tends
His ſpringing nurſery; each morn and eve
He viſits their abodes, with richeſt mould
Feeding their tender roots; he now ſupplies
Each plant with moiſture, now employs his care
To guard 'em from the inſects rav'nous jaw,
Or ſcreens 'em from the winter's blaſting cold.
With joy each opening bud he oft beholds,
Attentively obſerves them as they blow
From fair to fairer ſtill; nor ever ceaſe

His pleaſing rural labours till they ſhine
More beauteous, and in full perfection bloom.
Children of folly, ſhall this range of flowers,
When nurs'd and nurtur'd by art's curious hand,
Spring up and flouriſh, bloſſom in the morn,
E'er night their beauties loſt, at leaſt decay'd;
Shall theſe be tended with more zealous pains,
Or warmer application, than a ſoul
Divine, immortal---ne'er to ceaſe or die?

On every ſide ſurrounded, I admire
Cluſters of infant flowers, within their cells
The buds emboſom'd which their beauties hide,
Their ſweets lock'd up within their guardian folds;
E'er long the ſun's enlivening beams ſhall chear
And open their rich foliage, to the day
Expand their graceful leaves; how gay a bloom
Then bluſhes on their cheeks, what incenſe flows,
What rich perfumes, their balmy boſoms breathe?

At proper diſtances diſpos'd we view
A range of ſtately * ſtalks; ſee how they riſe,
And ſtand like lofty towers along the walls
Of towns well fortified; their tops will ſoon

* The ſun-flower.

Aſunder

Aſunder part, the ſtem that lifts them high
With penſile ſpiky pods quite gayly hung;
From theſe the wand'ring ſtranger ſoon will view
Burſting, a beauteous figure, ſpreading wide
Its round and yellow plume in colours dreſs'd,
How priz'd and grateful to the curious eye?
One faculty peculiar to theſe tribes;
The fondeſt paſſion for thoſe kindly beams
The ſun diffuſes, to unfold their bloom.
Soon as the evening her dark mantle throws
Round nature's varied beauties, ſee they pine,
And droop their languid heads, their ſhining leaves
Cloſe folded up within their nightly cells,
Juſt like the mournful lover baniſh'd far
From her fair eye whoſe charms his boſom warm'd.
Soon as the ſun now mounts his eaſtern throne,
Opening the radiant eye-lids of the morn,
See they up-raiſe their radiant tops to hail
His kind approach, their golden leaves unveil
To meet and welcome the return of day;
Nor loſe the ſight of his refulgent rays
Before its orb is hid beneath a ſhade.
The morning opening, you behold the flower

Its

Its golden boſom to the eaſt unfold;
At noon expanded to the middle ſky,
And waiting their lov'd patron's flight till eve.
Yon plant*, which to the ſouth its head reclines,
Has beauties which the muſe has left unſung:
Juſt like the fruitful, though the feeble, vine
She ſpreads a numerous family around
Of helpleſs boughs, unable to ſuſtain
Their weight unaided by a ſunny wall.
As yet the tender ſhoots have hardly gem'd
Their infant bloſſoms, cloſely all conceal'd,
Till time has ripen'd their rich varied bloom,
And open'd their gay luſtre to the day.
Amidſt the beauteous families that ſhine
In ſunny robes, and ſip the ſilver dew,
That lordly flower the nobleſt import wears,
And with a more majeſtic preſence glows;
If paſſing in review---this regent claims
The prize of grandeur, and the firſt renown,
Due when the ſun expands its ample round
And ſtuds its various leaves with ſparks of gold.

* The paſſion-flower.

One

One ſubject † yet that beautifies this ſcene,
And yet unprais'd, demands the muſe's quill:
So delicate her ſtructure, ſoft her frame
And conſtitution, that ſhe dreads to ſhew
(Till genial ſprings have warm'd the balmy air)
Her fearful head, midſt winter ſuns unveil'd;
Chuſing to live, when froſts benumb the ſkies,
Cloſe cloiſter'd up within the green-houſe cells.
Of all her kindred ſpecies one ſhe claims,
One quality peculiarly her own,
Perceptive life partaking; joining thus
The ſenſitive and vegetative powers,
Herſelf the chain connecting both in one.
Strangers, her myſtic nature who explore,
Would almoſt be inclin'd to think her leaves
With ſome degree of caution were endow'd:
If touch'd they tremble, take the firſt alarm,
Conſcious of danger, while her fibres grow
Contracted in a moment, and in dread
Of violence, from your finger's touch withdraw,
Shrinking her head precipitate, in fear
Of feeling her pure innocence betray'd.

† The ſenſitive plant.

Perhaps her beauteous aſpect may be ſoil'd,
The niceneſs of her texture diſcompos'd,
By man's familiar touch---ſhe therefore ſtrives,
Like a coy virgin, with a tim'rous care,
To keep at diſtance, far from freedom's ſnares,
Improper oft---too oft pernicious found.
The time is juſt elaps'd ſince we beheld
Theſe curious fair productions of the ſpring,
Rugged mis-ſhapen embrios; had the glebe
Been open'd, and their roots with care ſurvey'd,
With what contempt th' offended eye had view'd
Their coarſe originals? But ſee how ſoon
The pride and boaſt of nature they appear,
Dreſs'd in their ſhining robes and gay attire,
Dilating every human ſenſe with joy.
From them the enamell'd ſtone its luſtre ſteals,
The rich embroid'ry borrows all its ſhades
And varied beauties: with a fainter light
In the gay tapeſtry and rich brocades
Each ſilken flower is taught to bud and bloom.
Art ne'er muſt hope, with all its boaſted ſkill,
To emulate the beauties of a flower;
How rough its fineſt ſmootheſt ſtrokes, compar'd

With

With thoſe that nature's curious pencil draws.
The proudeſt nymph, in richeſt robes array'd,
Glittering with ſilver, burniſh'd o'er with gold,
To add ſtill greater luſtre, to her charms
New beauties, from the pink's vermilion, ſteals,
More ſweetneſs from the boſom of the roſe.
How ſoon, alas! the chearful muſe muſt change
Her panegyric into ſtrains of woe,
Lamenting o'er the ſweet productions, ſhower'd
From nature's lap to beautify the plain!
With ſadneſs I foreſee their ſpeedy doom,
The hour approaching that ſhall hide in ſhades
Theſe pleaſing ſcenes, and raviſh from our eye
Each beauty of the blooming verdant year,
Deform'd and ſhrivel'd---mingled now with clay,
A trodden heap, to ſhine and pleaſe no more.
Ye bright, amongſt Eve's brighteſt daughters, view
In this reflecting glaſs yourſelves behold;
Be vain no more, but own your charms excell'd
And ſullied by the luſtre of a flower!
The frailty of your ſtate how near ally'd
To the ſwift tranſient glories that array
Its leaves this hour, and in the next to die!

Thoſe blue vermilion veins, alas! how ſoon
Scorch'd by a fever, may reſign their hue;
A ſlow conſumption, ſecret and unſeen,
May wither all your beauty's bloom, ſoon pale
Your florid cheeks, and rob 'em of their flame;
Some ſhaft diſcharg'd from heaven's avenging ſling
May ſink, depreſs, or load your hearts with woe;
Or elſe in pity ſhould your heaven reſtrain
Thoſe numerous crouding ills, the lot of all
That breathe this vital air, yet wrinkling age
Is haſting on a-pace, which in the duſt
Buries each beauty of the young and fair.
Soon ſhall thoſe ſparkling eyes be hid in ſhades,
Darken'd thoſe beamy orbs, as now they roll
In agonies of death.—What courage then
Sufficient the dread combat to maintain,
Support the trembling heart, when now it feels
The deſtin'd arrow ſhot that bids it bleed?
One remedy, one only, yet remains;
Prepare betimes——in virtue's rich attire
Array your ſoul with heavenly robes, that ſuit
A being for immortal bliſs deſign'd.
No more a ſhining object then below

Amongſt

Amongſt earth's fading beauties born to die,
In light more radiant round heaven's golden throne
You ſtill ſhall glitter, when its darken'd beams
The ſun has quench'd, when ſtars reſign their fires,
When worlds are loſt, to fade and weep no more.
How ſoon, ye flow'ry tribes, muſt ye decay!
Yon lilly ſee, the beauteous virgin queen
Of all the gay creation---how ſhe rears
Her graceful head, majeſtically fair!
Mark what an air of grandeur ſhe aſſumes,
That dignifies her aſpect! If we view
Her lofty elevated mein, array'd
In ſhining luſtre to attract the eye,
The monarch blazing on his eaſtern throne,
In all his regal pomp, muſt yet reſign
The prize of glory to a rival flower:
Auguſt and ſtately tho' ſhe now appears,
How ſwiftly does her fleeting bloom decay,
The wonder of a few ſhort tranſient morns:
Soon her unſpotted whiteneſs muſt retire,
Her ſnowy form defil'd, that head which ſoar'd
So high and proud be humbled in the duſt.

A noble

A noble grand ſimplicity beſtows
Its merits on the lilly's virgin robe;
The gay and gaudy colours, richly ſpread
In varied tints, augment the tulip's fame;
See in what mix'd profuſion, ſplendid dyes,
Her cups are beautify'd; her glowing ſtreaks
Strongly contracted, to each other lend
A fairer radiance, a more lively bloom!
How lately this each border's youthful pride,
The reigning toaſt, that pleaſingly adorn'd
The ſpring's delightful ſeaſon with its bloom.
A while it ſhines in all the glittering dyes
That paint the rainbow's arch amidſt a ſhower,
Tranſient and fair, like that, it ſpreads a while,
Its beauteous plumage---but, alas! how ſoon
Are all its glories vaniſh'd, each gay ſtripe
How quickly loſt, and ſplendid now no more,
Each radiant beauty blended with the ſhade.

Graceful her ſhape, each opening feature fair,
Still to augment her fame the budding roſe
Breaths from her balmy breaſt a rich perfume:
To this gay ſtranger often we repeat
Our morning viſits, and as oft at eve,

Ne'

Ne'er wearied with the ſweets, its leaves diffuſe:
A fragrance ſo reviving, rich, and pure,
Tranſpiring from its odorous buds, that all
Covet its cloſe acquaintance where it blooms.
How oft have I beheld th' accompliſh'd fair,
The gay Clariſſa, trembling at her eye,
For whom ſo many penſive lovers bleed,
Careſſing fondly on her raptur'd breaſt
This favou'rite flower, that boſom choſe its ſeat
Which innocence and virtue make their home,
Whoſe rival ſoftneſs and unſpotted white
Vies with the falling ſnow: yet to increaſe
Her charms, tho' faireſt ſhe among the fair
Contracts more beauty from the damaſk'd roſe,
More ſweetneſs from the odours it exhales.
But ah! this lovely darling of the fair
Its balm and native beauties muſt reſign,
Hanging how ſoon neglected on its ſtem,
Or dropping its gay leaves upon the ground.
Pity, alas! our wiſhes want a power
To give this darling bud a longer ſtay;
Blooming one vernal month, the next to fade:
It pays us a ſhort viſit, in the morn

Expands

Expands its glories, wither'd e'er the noon.
This moment lovely, when the ſun has ſteer'd
A few ſwift journeys more along the ſky,
The verdant ſcene which entertains the eye,
Each ſenſe with each delight, ſhall then appear
A ragged deſert, a rude waſteful wild,
A nurſery of weeds inſtead of flowers.
Ye flow'ry tribes, how ſoon muſt ye decay!
The winter, like ſome conquering chief enrag'd,
That carries deſolation where he flies,
O'erturns the tottering tower, and dyes his ſword
In the deep bleeding wounds of millions ſlain,
Now with his ſavage unrelenting rage
Hides all this blooming proſpect in a ſhade.
The ſtorms now gather, and the tempeſts pour
Their rattling blaſts that roar along the ſky,
And with united violence aſſail
All nature's treaſures, threatening to deſtroy,
Lay waſte, and ravage all her richeſt ſtores.
Each tree its verdant foliage now reſigns;
Loſt every fading beauty of the fields,
Spoil'd of their waving harveſts which array'd
Their golden furrows; now the freezing glebe,

Diſrob'd of all her gaudy gay attire,
Mourns like a widow in ſad ſable dreſs'd.
The ſun, now riding on his golden throne
Triumphant, pouring from his radiant eye
A flood of light, inſpiring where he ſhines
Each heart with gaiety, will faintly glow
Soon with diminiſh'd luſtre, from the ſouth
Caſting a tranſient glance, and ſoon to leave
The gloomy world, o'erſhadow'd with the night.
The mournful turtle then no more muſt breathe
Their penſive ſongs to the ſoft gentle gales;
Nor on the ſpray each eve indulge their woes;
Mute now is every ſilent grove, the woods
With tuneful harmony no longer ſound:
How ſweet the muſic lately which they breath'd,
Made vocal by a thouſand warbling tongues!
Ye flowery tribes, how ſoon muſt ye decay!
Yet, could your feeble texture be exchang'd
For the oak's ſtrength, that greater, which ſuſtains
The marble pyramid, how ſhort your ſtay,
How tranſient your duration! Can the flower
Hope for exiſtence long, when nature's frame

Is tottering, when her pillars to and fro
Are ſhaken, and the world's eternal baſe
Too weak to keep her ſhattering orb entire!
  The ſun, in all his glory now array'd,
Beats fiercely with his rays upon my breaſt;
To yon inviting arbour's cooling ſhade
I now retire, where the gay woodbine hangs
Her lucid drops pendant on every bough,
Where the rich jeſſ'mines line the green alcove
Impearl'd, and ſhining with their gemmy dews.
Hail, ye refreſhing ſhades! my boſom feels
Your chearing influence, my ſpirits glow
With new reviving fire, each nerve new ſtrung
Recovers its loſt ſtrength, while nimble life
Through all her crimſon channels briſkly bounds.
  Here, on a verdant moſſy couch reclin'd,
Enrich'd with fragrance and refreſhing ſhade,
In ſilent ſolemn raptures, let me breathe
My grateful aſpirations to that power
For ever preſent----when rude tempeſts roll,
And toſs the angry waves from ſhore to ſhore;
When plaintive ſignals from the bellowing deep

Are

Are heard from fearful wretches in deſpair,
Or melancholy mournful ſighs that breathe
Pale anguiſh and diſtreſs come floating o'er
The foaming ſurge; how pleaſing then to view
The madding ocean, if retir'd to ſhore
Remote from danger—when the ſwelling clouds
Pour down their torrents o'er each delug'd plain,
Sweep off the helpleſs herds, the peaſant drives
In his low hut, a refuge to ſecure;
Then from ſome mountain's ſummit to deſcry
The threatening tempeſt, without fear or pain,
How pleaſing? how exults the heart with joy?
Juſt ſuch my tranſport in this cool abode:
For now the ſun is blazing from on high,
And ſhoots its fervid beams—the glowing air
Is all a liquid flame, and red with fire;
Each field is cleft with chinks, each road quite hid
With clouds of duſt; the traveller faſt hies,
Faint, as he journies to ſome cooling glade;
While bath'd in ſweat the peaſant drops his ſcythe
And cattle to ſome ſhady covert fly,
Or panting faint under the burning noon.

E'en ſtubborn rocks feel the ſun's piercing ray;
All nature languiſhing beneath the flames,
The fiery deluge from its orbit pour'd.
Here, and how great heaven's bounty! I enjoy
A calm and cool retreat, and in the gloom
Nurſe calm reflection, where his beams are loſt,
And the ſun darts in vain one ſingle ray.
  Amidſt theſe ſultry heats I ſtill attend
A nation, in defiance of the ſun,
Who ply their conſtant labours, ſpread at noon
On each expanded bloſſom; here the bees,
Induſtrious chymiſts, ſuck the balmy dews
From each ſweet flower, endow'd by nature's care
With that myſterious ſecret, to acquire
Wealth for themſelves each ſeaſon, nor offend
Or injure others.—See the golden tribes,
Unwearied with their toil, their flight purſue
From bud to bud, extracting liquid ſweets
Drawn from each fragrant bloſſom: from each leaf
They ſip delicious juice, nor fix a wound
In its nice texture, leaving ſtill behind,
Loaded with ſpoils, more treaſures than they ſteal.

While

While the gay butterfly, with painted wings,
Fluttering, a careleſs rover, ſcarce enjoys
A ſhort fantaſtic feaſt, the pleaſure loſt
And taſted in a moment's rapid ſpeed;
Or while the gloomy ſpider lies conceal'd,
Weaving inſidious neſts, whoſe glewy rays
Detain th' unwary fly, or elſe employ'd
To ſuck rank venom from each noxious flower;
Theſe frugal labo'rers, wiſely to provide
Againſt futurity, with painful care
Collect their balmy ſpoils, enrich their cells
With golden treaſures, while their ſummer's toil
Supports 'em in their winter's hive confin'd.
Collected now, in one tranſporting view
All nature's various beauties I behold,
Each after each unfolded, which before
Cheer'd my pleas'd fancy with diſtinguiſh'd charms.
Struck through an antient wood I here ſurvey
A viſta form'd, by venerable rows
Of ſpreading elms, which guide the raviſh'd eye
To ſome delightful object, ſeen from far
Through the green opening which the ſtranger leads
Directly to theſe beauteous blooming ſcenes.

See here each verdant wall, how richly cloath'd
With fruit-trees, bluſhing with their golden load,
Cover'd and hung with tapeſtry that ſhines,
Unartful, wove in nature's fineſt loom.
View there the new-ſhorn walks with verdure lin'd,
The allies arch'd with a green cooling ſhade,
Embow'ring our ſweet noon-tide's ſoft repoſe!
Thrown open that the kind refreſhing air
Might court us to enjoy the balmy eve.
There view the box, whoſe edgings round encloſe
Each beautiful compartment, where the flowers
In different ſtations are allow'd to bloom;
With ſplendid figures all their various homes
Diverſify'd, that each its bed might know.
The flowering ſhrubs, and ſtately evergreens
There ſtrike the eye, which pleaſe with equal grace
And dignity, at diſtance when beheld.
Still to augment our bliſs the baſon pours
Its chryſtal treaſures from its humid urn,
Which gives a fragrant freſhneſs to each flower
That drinks the fruitful drops---nor is the ear
Depriv'd of its delight, the waters pour'd

From

From the caſcade, or gently roll'd along
The ſhining pebbles, murmuring as they glide,
Tranſport this ſenſe with tides of equal joy.
Endear'd the more by contraſt each beſtows
On each new beauties, mingling now their charms,
While order with variety conſpires
To paint the ſcene magnificently gay.
Can theſe bright ſcenes below tranſport the eye,
Nor yet incite the mounting thought to dwell
On heaven's refulgent ſplendors? to explore
That world of bliſs, thoſe regions of delight,
That pleaſe, though yet unſeen; what artiſt's hand,
Whoſe ſkilful pencil has the power to draw
A landſcape of thoſe flowery ſeats that glow
And ſhine with golden light above the ſkies?
Would ſome kind angel draw aſide the veil
One moment, and permit the eye to throw
A ſingle glance on thoſe divine abodes,
The earth's vain pomps, the glories that are ſpread
O'er nature's face, would die and diſappear,
Taſteleſs, and tarniſh all---a tranſient view
Of thoſe reſplendant ſcenes that glow above,

Would captivate the ſoul, enlarge its powers;
That after this bright viſion, Eden's plain
A lonely chearleſs deſert would appear,
And every beauty now that charms the eye
In heaven's ſuperior dazling light expire.

F I N I S.

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